

rock and roll by grabmyboner

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Summary:

Billy pats at Steve's jacket, his hand digging in the pockets and pulls out a rock. A plain ordinary rock.

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Anonymous asked:

Prompt word: rocks

rock and roll

Author's Note:

as you can probably tell, im spam posting my ficlets from tumblr to here. enjoy! :)

“Ow, what th-” Billy pushes Steve off him, turning to pull the jacket—*Steve’s jacket*—he’s laying on, out from underneath them, “Something poked me.” He complains to a confused Steve.

Steve smiles and huddle towards him again, nosing at his jaw, “yeah, baby, that was my di—*Oof*, ow!” Billy pinches at his nipple before he finishes the sentence.

Billy pats at Steve’s jacket, his hand digging in the pockets and pulls out a rock. A plain ordinary rock.

“A rock?”

“Oh hey! The rock!” Steve exclaims, like it has any meaning.

Billy turns to him and squints. Steve grabs at the rock and holds it on the palm of his hand right in front of Billy’s face.

“I found it on my walk here and forgot about it,” his smile widens, “it’s for you.”

Billy stares at the rock again, “You got me a rock?”

Steve nods.

Billy just stares, no one has ever given him a rock before. He hasn’t really had a *real* boyfriend before but he doesn’t think giving rocks to your significant other is a thing people do, birds maybe, but definitely not people.

“You don’t like it?” Steve whispers.

Billy’s eyes shoot up from the rock to him and see what looks like a puppy that’s just been kicked staring back.

“I, no, it’s-of course, I like it. It’s a sick rock, Steve.”

“Yeah?”

Billy huffs and grabs the rock, tossing it a few times, “yeah, pretty boy.”

The rock finds its forever home in the pocket of Billy’s denim jacket. Much to Steve’s delight.

Author's Note:

personally, i think "It's a sick rock, Steve." is the best piece of dialogue i've ever written.